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# HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.  
HAZEL GREEN, - KENTUCKY.  
MY BABY'S SATIN SHOES.

There's rain without and rain within.  
Without—from hosts of black-browed clouds,  
That stretch like the mountain's side  
And at the river's valley shrouds.  
Within—are tearings flowing soft  
From their mysterious fountain head,  
As I sit thinking of the past,  
Of naming graces of my dead.  
A headache frets, as hot and keen  
As if a drought might bring to earth  
While "this and that" of treasures stored  
And mine are vanished worth,  
And rest for luxury of tears.  
To come, and cool and ease the pain.  
The baby's little satin shoes  
That lay the clouds and bring the rain.  
And looking at the dainty things  
I wonder if her pretty feet  
Have grown too large for these "sweet shoes"  
Since they have waited "the golden street"  
Or keep they still their wondrous charms  
Of rest but and fairy size.  
That, as I held them in my palm,  
Woe gleams of wonder in her eyes?  
Live one more in that fair time  
Was a day, in crowing, wedding day,  
Looked down upon her untired feet,  
These satin shoes, just tried, to see.  
And then I turned, with wistful lower  
She shied the "pretty pathway" choice.  
For did her eyes little satin shoes  
The mien and ease of satin shoes.  
And then—there came dark days in June,  
Of months, little, then, the fairest one,  
And her sister's ankles joined,  
And onward the stepping stone began,  
No shadows came to her sweet face,  
Nor heart, nor hand, nor foot and bruise  
When I gave back the treasure hoard  
And left—her little satin shoes.

## HELEN LAKEMAN;

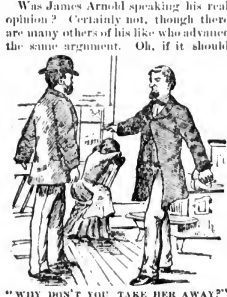
—on—  
The Story of a Young Girl's Struggle With Adversity.

BY JOHN R. MURKIN.  
AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF HENRIETTA,"  
"WALTER DUNFORD," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"But, Judge," said the sheriff, respectfully, for he seemed aware of the fact that his recollection depended, in a great measure, upon the efforts of the man before him, "what am I to do with the child? I can't put her in prison."  
"Send it to the poor-house!"  
"Humph! I can't do that without an order from the court," said the sheriff, with a frown.  
"Well, I can not," said the puzzled sheriff. "The court will have to declare it a pauper first."  
"Well, then leave the child here with me! I can take it there, and Bill Jones will keep it for me until the court sets. He owes his position as proprietor of the poor-house to me."  
"Yes, you can probably manage it that way. The child is sick."  
"Yes, but not dangerous."  
"Of kind 't'ate to part them."  
"Oh, pooh! they'll forget each other in less than three days. They are more brute than human, with no feeling save that of hunger, cold or heat, just as any other animal."  
"Was James Arnold speaking his real opinion? Certainly not, though there are many others of his like who advance the same argument. Oh, if it should



"WHY DON'T YOU TAKE HER AWAY?"  
Only be carried home, that he might feel the better pangs, tearing hearts strings asunder, would he not turn missionary for the cause of the poor, depressed, and oft times wronged criminals?  
"Take her away, Belcher, take her away at once," said Judge Arnold, his chin so high that mercy was overlooked.  
"Well, but Judge, this is a matter I'd not like to be hasty in; I am hardly bringing myself to tear that girl from her brother. Good Heavens! if she should be innocent after all!"  
"By who think I am a fool and a persecutor?" cried Arnold, angrily.  
"No, no," answered the sheriff, apologetically, "I did not know but that there might be a mistake."  
"Well, sir, I think there is no mistake about it, unless you make one in not doing your duty."  
"I think I will do my duty as an official Judge, if I know it," said Belcher, hotly.  
"It is very clear; I don't see how you can help seeing it."  
The utter heartlessness of Arnold vexed the sheriff, but he was forced to perform his duty as an officer, painful as it might be.

He went up to the girl, who, knowing what was coming, had been schooling herself to recover her self-possession, and said:  
"Come, Miss Helen, get ready; I must take you to Newton."  
"Can my little brother go?" she asked, pleadingly.  
"He is so small, so inquisitive, and so fond of me that he can hardly live without my care."  
"Oh, he will be treated with the most tender care, I assure you," said the sheriff. "I can not take him today, but I hope you may soon return."  
"Will you answer me a question or two?" asked Helen, now almost calm again.  
"Yes."  
"What will be done with me?"  
"I will take you to Newton."  
"What then?"  
"You will be taken before the magistrate, before Judge Arnold."  
"Well, what then? I know little of law and its processes."  
"Well, you will be arraigned and your case set for trial. If you can give bond you can return here or go wherever you please; but if you fail," then the sheriff failed, he thought it almost impossible to inform that poor, proud-spirited girl of the result of a failure.  
But she was determined to know the worst.  
"What if I fail?" she asked.  
"Committed," was the answer.  
"Do you mean sent to jail?"  
The sheriff nodded.  
The prospect of entering a jail for one moment is horrible. To forever blight the fair name of which she was so proud, that name which neither her parents or any of her ancestors had allowed a blot upon, and now to blacken it as a criminal. We can scarcely understand the feelings of Helen at that moment. She imagined herself in after years, even if she was proved innocent, a blackened, blighted creature, shunned by all and pointed to as a thief.  
Notwithstanding all this, Helen was gloriously conscious of her own innocence. She had done no wrong, and the certainty of had consequences to her little brother, should their parting be violent, made her assume a cheerfulness she was far from feeling. She donned her hat and put a light shawl about her shoulders, then, kissing her little crippled brother, said:  
"Little Amos, he's a good boy until sister comes back. I am going to Newton and hope to come back here. Do not be afraid, little darling, God will watch over and care for you while I am gone."  
The little fellow was silent, but large tears rolled down his pale cheeks. Helen had reached the kitchen door, when a sudden impulse seized her; she ran back to the child and clasped him in her arms for the last time. But she did not weep, those great silent tears of the child told he was affected, and she dared not let him know her own feelings.  
"That's all for effect," said Arnold, laughingly, as she passed out at the door with the sheriff at his side.  
The first moment his hired man, John, with the runaway to take them to the village of Newton. Helen bore up until they were on the road, and then, wringing her hands, she cried:  
"Oh, farewell, farewell, my poor unfortunate little brother, I know I will never see you again."

CHAPTER XII.  
LITTLE AMOS AND HIS BROTHER.

Little Amos witnessed the departure of his sister in silence. Mrs. Arnold, with her face contorted with strange emotions, came into the kitchen, but she dare not speak. The silent grief deepening in great tears from those blue eyes was enough to awe her. The child began to sob loudly. He was afraid to make any outcry.  
Mrs. Arnold and her daughter were now busy themselves with preparing dinner and grumbling that Maggie had gone away. The child sat by the window in his chair, unmoved. His face was flushed and pale by turns. His breathing was short and quick, and it was evident that the soaking rain of the day before had brought on a cold, which might prove dangerous. But no one noticed him. The dinner was prepared almost in silence, with an occasional spell of grumbling on the part of Mrs. Arnold. When the meal was ready the family gathered about the table, giving but thought to little Amos. Poor child! he had no appetite for dinner, and could have eaten but little had it been offered to him.  
When dinner was over, the dogs had been fed and a few nice tidbits given to the cat, and then, comforted up for the pig, Mrs. Arnold thought it would be well to see if "that child" wanted any thing. She found him gazing abstractedly from the window, and his little face wonderfully white just now.  
"Oh, you were making to eat?" asked Mrs. Arnold, standing by the boy, her head high in the air.  
"If you please, m'am," said the child, in a low frightened tone.  
She then wheeled his chair about to a kitchen table, and placed a plate before him, on which were some potatoes, bread, and cold baked meat. The little fellow took a potato and nibbled the end of it, then took a bite or two of bread but his appetite was gone. He seemed sinking, sinking down to death.  
"I don't see why you don't get rid of that bread," said Helen to her father, whom she met in the sitting-room.  
"I will as soon as the hired man comes back with the runaway," was the answer.  
The hired man came back about the middle of the afternoon, and Judge Arnold went into the kitchen where the boy was.  
"Come, Amos," he said, in tones intended to be cheerful, "we must go."  
"Where?" asked the boy, fixing his large, wondering eyes upon the man.  
"To Bill Jones', our friend, my boy, who keeps all such boys as you."  
"All such boys as you?" Need Judge Arnold have insulted the poor afflicted child? Were not his sufferings great enough without further wounding his feelings? But the feelings of the boy were drowned by pain and suffering. We can be tortured until the nerves become destroyed and senseless to pain, and the bewildered child was in that condition. The boy, complaining of his back, which had been hurt by his fall the morning, got from the chair, placing his hands upon his knees, he hobbled along to his crutches, which stood against the wall. Taking them under his arms, he found his little faded cap and put it on his head.  
"There is a shawl they brought," said Mrs. Arnold.  
"But it around him," commanded Judge Arnold.  
The woman obeyed, trembling violently, she could not tell why.  
"Now, father, the carpet bag, take that shawl."  
Arnold seized the carpet bag carpet bag containing a few clothes for the child, as though it were a comfortable thing, and then, followed by the little crippled boy, he went out.  
"Come on, come on," said the impatient man at the gate, holding it open for the child, who was slowly and painfully coming toward it; "you can go faster than that, and I know it."  
The poor little fellow tried to increase his speed, and, stumbling forth, he uttered a cry of pain, and Mr. Arnold, with an oath, commanded John to carry him to the carriage.  
The kind-hearted John took up the little beggar for his own legging now, and carrying him to the vehicle placed him in as comfortably as he could. The child bore his suffering with scarcely a murmur.  
As James Arnold sat in his easy carriage, which was whirling away toward the school-house, he had not thought of the little occupant. He did not see the angelic expression of that sweet little face, or appreciate his great trust in an Almighty Father. James Lakeman was young, not to exceed six years of age, and he had never known any children at four, yet he was educated in misery far beyond his years. He was always a gentle, possessing that sweet, patient disposition which God so frequently gives the unfortunate. He had always been loved by every one who knew him, though none took sufficient interest in his welfare to provide a good home for him. Charitable institutions were not known on Sandy Fork—unless one meant the poor-house, and it was no charity to be sent there.  
The carriage rolled up to the door of the poor-house, which was simply a row of long, miserable buildings, some of logs and some of frame, while one for the hopelessly insane was made of stone. The proprietor, a large, brutal-looking man, with uncouth hair, coming out bare-headed, and in his shirt-sleeves, his hands in his pockets and yawning lazily, said:  
"Hello, Judge, that you? Well, who in the name of tarnation ye got there, anyway?"  
"A new charge."  
"Why, there's no court."  
"That makes no difference, Bill; I'll make it all right when court does set."  
"Well, of ye say it's all right, Judge, I'll take him, ye order kome."  
"I know this case will be all right, Bill. Take this boy and I will have you fixed up as soon as county court sets."  
John, the hired hand, offered to carry the little cripple in.  
"Can't he walk?" asked Bill Jones.  
"Not very well," answered John.  
"He can walk a great deal better than he pretends," said Arnold, in his merciless manner.  
"Well, I'll let him out of his laziness," chuckled Bill Jones. "I'll find work for him to do. He kin pick up chips, or weed the onion beds."  
John, who had more humanity in his soul than either of his superiors, took the child in his arms and carried him to a second log house and set him down there, smiling.  
Little Amos was carried in the strong arms of the kind-hearted John to the hired man's house. The room into which the sick boy was ushered was miserable, indeed; the floor was uncarpeted, the walls of bare logs were black with smoke, the cracks between the logs had been closed up with filthy rags, and at the rear of the room were two miserable looking beds.



THE POOR-HOUSE KEEPER AND HIS CHARGE.

shoulders, or was tied in knots with strings. The day was slightly cool, and the poor mortals were doing all in their power to instill some warmth into their bodies. They were growing, pushing and snarling, more like animals than human beings. Long suffering had filled them with selfishness.  
Little Amos was placed on a hard chair near the door. He did not dare go too near those creatures, they seemed so much like wild animals. Occasionally they turned their savage faces upon him. Once was blind, who were crippled, the man was partially insane, one woman had the rickets, and the other was too old and feeble to help herself. These objects were disgusting and frightful to look upon, and Amos expected from the glance they cast upon him that he would be soon torn to pieces.  
"Oh, Helen! Helen! where is sister Helen?" he cried, weeping bitterly.

CHAPTER XIII.  
IN JAIL.

Mr. Belcher, the sheriff, had a kind heart and did all he could to cheer Helen.  
"I hope, Miss Lakeman, I'll not be as bad as you think. I hope you will come out all right."  
"No, no," said Helen, her face growing more calm and pale, "I know that shame, ruin and death will come out of this; I am in the power of persecutors upon my ruin, and nothing on earth can save me."  
"Who do you think is bent on your ruin?"  
"Mr. Arnold and family."  
"Why, great goodness! why would they want to ruin a poor girl like you?"  
Helen was silent. She could not answer this question, though she knew the answer to it. She could not tell him that the Arnolds had determined to have the educated and accomplished Warren Stuart a member of their family, and that the pretty face of the hired girl was in the way. That Helen Lakeman, arrested and disgraced, would lose her beauty even in the eyes of her infatuated lover. She dare not tell the sheriff what her honest convictions said were the living truths, for they would not be believed. The sheriff waited for her to speak. Belcher had been an officer long enough to regard every person arrested as a criminal. Of course, this girl was guilty. He felt very sorry for her. She was young, beautiful and intelligent, and she was often tempted. He resolved, in his own mind, to intercede with the court and prosecuting attorney and have her punishment as light as possible. It would go much lighter with her, he knew, if she would own the thing right up and make a clean breast of it all. He regarded it as his duty to advise the girl to do so.  
"Helen," he said, in as kind and fatherly a tone as he could command, "you are a young girl, and perhaps know nothing about law."  
She bowed her head to receive the advice, which she knew would come.  
"I feel sorry for you on account of this trouble you have got into," the sheriff said, "and I want to talk to you as if you were my own daughter."  
The carriage was rolling along over a smooth piece of wood, and the sheriff knew every word the girl said by way of confusion, he knew it, and he was provided, she denied it afterward. The sheriff determined to work up the case if possible. Helen was still silent, and he continued:  
"You are young, thrown upon the world with no adviser or friend, and now if I can help you any I would be glad to do so. Your crime is a serious one, to begin with, and, what is more, you will be convicted of it. The proof against you is overwhelming, and there is no power on earth—that can make a jury believe you are innocent."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Barrier (just entered)—Why, hello, Oscar, thought I heard you talking to some one as I came in! Oscar—  
"So I was talking, just saying good-morning to those fish-balls; had the same old, no new, no better, no worse, every morning for a week."  
—Philadelphia Press.

## HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—For cleaning milk cans, paint, wooden utensils, etc., steam is considered excellent.  
—Nut-bearing trees may be successfully moved by cutting the tap root the year before transplanting.  
—Potato bugs will eat egg plants if the potato vines are not plentiful. They also sometimes eat tomato plants.  
—As sunflower seed is very liable to heat, the safest way of keeping it for fowls is to cut off the flower head when the seed is ripe, and pile it loosely till thrown to the fowls.  
—Go around and destroy the worm nests in the fruit trees. It doesn't require any scientific knowledge to know that the worms are extremely injurious to trees and fruit.  
—Eggs placed in tepid water require four minutes cooking; in boiling water three minutes. If put in cold water they are done when the water begins to bubble. Fresh eggs require longer cooking.  
—The use of leached and unleached ashes in apple orchards is highly commended for the exorcise. Let him run a mile and it may harm him in many ways. It is the same with a horse. It is fast driving that kills.—New England Farmer.  
—There is no better disinfectant for the henhouse than copperas water. Make it rather strong, and with a small broom sprinkle it through the building and over the perches. It purifies the air, aids in preventing disease and absorbs all bad smells.  
—A man may walk a mile in twenty-five minutes and return refreshed and benefited for the exertion. Let him run a mile and it may harm him in many ways. It is the same with a horse. It is fast driving that kills.—New England Farmer.  
—Sponge Pudding—Here is a nice recipe for a pudding if any one has plenty of cream. Make a nice sponge cake, turn it into a dripping-pan, then take good apples that have been pared and quartered and stick them into your cake as thick as you can. Serve hot with cream and sugar.—Household.  
—To prevent chickens tearing upon their food or crowding upon each other when feeding, the food might be put in a small box with barred sides like a plate rack. The bars may be placed so close together that the hen or large chickens can not get their heads through to rob little chicks of their food. Boxes with the bars wider apart can be used for larger fowl.  
—Sponge Jelly Roll—Four eggs, one cup and a half sugar, one tablespoon baking powder, beat the whites separately, and the sugar and the yolks together till very light; then add part of the whites, then a cup of flour, then beat good, then a little more flour, then the rest of the whites and stir every part till it runs like a drop and roll as quick as you can.—Boston Budget.  
—If an apple tree has a sound trunk and roots, it is a pity, says the American Cultivator, to destroy it under most circumstances. It takes many years to get a young tree into bearing, and when it does bear it will not furnish nearly so much fruit as one fully grown. By grafting with the Northern Spy and liberally manuring, an old apple tree may be made much more certainly productive than young trees of this variety, which are usually shy and tardy bearers.

## FALLING AND RISING.

Difficulties in the Way of Elevating One's







The Street a Poor School in  
Which to Bring Up Children.

BROOKLYN. The text of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage this morning was: "And the men of the city said unto Elisha, 'Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this place is pleasant to me, and wealthy."

It is difficult to estimate how much of the prosperity and health of a city are dependent upon good water. The time when, through well-laid pipes and from safe reservoir, an abundance of water, from Croton, or Kidgewood, or Schuylkill, is brought into the city, is appropriately celebrated with oration and pyrotechnic display. Thank God every day for clear, bright, beautiful, sparkling water, as it drops in the shower, or tosses up in the fountain, or rushes out of the hydrant.

At different times I have pointed out to you the fountains of municipal corruption and this morning I propose to show you what are the means for the rectification of those fountains. There are four or five kinds of salt that have a cleansing tendency. So far as I may help me, I shall bring a cuse of salt to the work, and empty it into the great reservoir of municipal crime, sin and shame, ignorance and abomination.

"Through the upturning of the earth for great improvement our city could not be expected to be as clean as usual, but for the Elmhurst dirt of Brooklyn for the last six months there is no excuse. It is not merely a mat or of dust in the eyes, and mud for the shoes, and stench for the nostrils, but of mud for the soul."

**Ministers may preach, reformers may plan, philanthropists may toil for the elevation of the suffering and the criminal, but until all the newspapers of the land and all the bookellers of the land set themselves against an iniquitous literature, till we all join in the fight against fearful odds. Every time the pillars of our great publishing houses turn they make the earth quake. From them goes forth a thought like an angel of light to feed and bless the world, or like an angel of darkness to smite it with corruption and sin and shame and death. May God and His omnipotent Spirit purify and elevate the American reading press!**

I go on further and say that we must de-  
pend upon the school for a great deal of  
correcting influence. Community can not  
more afford to have ignorant men in it  
than it can afford to have uneducated  
hyenas.

Ignorance is the mother of hydra-headed  
crime. Thirty-one percent of all the crim-  
inals of New York State can neither read  
nor write. Intellectual darkness is gen-  
erally the precursor of moral darkness—  
know more are educated officers—more

It is high time that all city and State authorities, as well as the Federal Government, should take steps to make it possible for all people who are in this country there was not about forty-eight millions of acres of land and for school purposes, there are now in New England one hundred and ninety-one thousand people who can neither read nor write. In the State of New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland there are nearly two hundred and twenty-two thousand who can neither read nor write, and in the State of New York two hundred and forty-one thousand who can neither read nor write. It is high time that the State and Federal authorities should take steps to make it possible for all people who are in this country there was not about forty-eight millions of acres of land and for school purposes, there are now in New England one hundred and ninety-one thousand people who can neither read nor write. In the State of New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland there are nearly two hundred and twenty-two thousand who can neither read nor write, and in the State of New York two hundred and forty-one thousand who can neither read nor write. Statistics enough to stagger and confound any man who loves his country and his country. Now, in view of the fact, I am in favor of compulsory education.

Still further: Reformatory societies are an important element in the reformation of the public functions. Without calling attention to the fact that the reformatory societies are actually to those which recognize the physical as well as the moral woes of the world. There was pathos and a great deal of common sense in what the poor woman said. "I have been a very long time, but what a very good woman you ought to be." "Oh," she said, "if you were as hungry as I and I am you could think of nothing else." I have the great pleasure of saying to you, "I have something to tell you." Faith and repentance are of infinite importance; but they can not satisfy an empty stomach! You have to go forth and work for the bread of life for the year in your hand, and the bread of life in your left hand, and then you can cast those, imitating the Lord Jesus Christ, who first broke the bread and fed the multitude. The Lord Jesus Christ came to preach, recognizing the fact that while people are hungry they will

They sleep under the stoops, in the turned-out safe, in the wagons in the streets, on the barges, wherever they can find a place to sleep. In the summer they sleep all night long in the parks. Their destination is well set forth by an incident. A city missionary asked one of them: "Where is your home?" He said he: "I don't have no home, sir." "Well, where are your father and mother?" "They are dead, sir." "Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?" "No, I don't think I ever heard of Him." "Did you ever hear of God?" "Yes, I've heard of God. Some of the poor people think it their luck at night to say something about God." "What do you say, sir?" "Yes, sir, I've heard of Him." Think of a conversation like that in a Christian city.

How manare waiting for you to come  
but in the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ  
and rescue them from the wretchedness  
here! Oh, that the Church of God had  
arms long enough and hearts warm  
enough to take them up! How many of  
them there are! As I was thinking of  
the subject this morning it seemed to me as  
though there was a little here and  
a little there with cut and torn feet,  
and coming on toward it. And there is  
a group of orphans. O fathers and mothers,  
what do you think of these fatherless and  
motherless little ones! No hand at home  
to take care of their apparel, no heart to  
comfort them. Maid one little one, when the  
mother died: 'Who will take care of my

Here is another group, an army of  
thousands of children. They come on toward  
the bank, and every time they step ten  
thousand hearts break. The ground is  
saturated with the blood of their feet. The air is  
heavy with their groans. Their ranks are  
filled with the up from all corners of in-  
fidelity and anarchy. Skeletons Despair  
ashes them on toward the bank. The  
path-lead has already begun to toll, and  
the angels of God hover like birds over  
the plunget of a catastrophe. Why these  
children are called to break their heads and  
sorrow out their hearts, and give "Help!  
Help!" Oh, Thunders of God, will you help!  
and whom bought by the blood of  
Son of God, will you help! white  
children arise from the ground, and  
son going down, I am the ransom!

stopped in the street and just looked at the face of one of those little ones. Have you ever examined the faces of the neglected children of the poor? Other children have gladness in their faces. When a group of them rush across the road, it seems as though a spring gush had unloosed an orchard of apple blossoms at these children of the poor. There is that little ring in their laughter, and it skips quick, as though some bitter memory tripped it. They have an old walk. They do not skip or run up on the lumber for the pleasure of leaping

mountain stream. They never waded the brook for pebbles. They never waded the butterfly across the lawn, putting their hat right down where it was at before. Childhood has been dashed out of them. Want waved its wizard wand above the manger of their birth, and withered leaves are lying where God intended a budding giant of battle. Once in a while one of these children gets out there is one, for instance. At ten years of

he is sent out by his parents, who say to him: "Here is the basket—now go off and beg and steal." The boy says: "I won't steal." They kick him into a prison. That night he puts his swollen feet into the straw; but a voice comes from Heaven, saying: "Courage, poor boy, courage!" Covering up his head from the hostility, and stopping his ears from the cursing, he gets on up better and better. He washes his face clean at the public hydrant. With a few pennies got running errands, he gets a better coat.

young men, knowing that he comes from low street, say: "Black with you, you villain, to the place where you came from." But that night the boy says to his mother and to his father, "I am quickly made a man, and am ever mother lord at the cry of a child's pain the Lord responds from the heavens: "Courage, poor boy, courage!" His bright face gets him a position. After a few years he is a clerk, a clerk, a clerk, and he is first clerk. Years pass on, the glory of young manhood is on him, he comes into the firm. He goes on from business success to another. He has a fine house, a fine car, a fine horse, and the Church of God, the friend of all institutions, and one day he stands talking to the Board of Trade or Chamber of Commerce. People say: "Do you

But God says in regard to him something better than that: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and had their names washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." O, for me one to write the boy heroes and girl heroes who have triumphed over want and starvation, and filth and rage! Yes, the record has already been made—made in the hand of God; and when these shall come at last with songs and rejoicing it will take a very broad banner to hold the names of all the battle-roids on which they died for the right.

Some years ago a rough-lad, ragged boy came into my brother's office in New York, and said: "Mr. Talmage, lend me five dollars." My brother said: "Who are you?" The boy replied: "I am a newspaper business." "What do you want to do with five dollars?" "Well," the boy replied, "my mother is sick and poor, and I want to go into the newspaper business." "All right," said my brother. "I will give you back." My brother gave him the five dollars, of course never expecting to get it again; but he said: "When will you give me my money back?" "In six months, sir." Time went by, and one day I saw a lad come into my brother's office, and said: "There's your five dollars, sir. What do you mean that you have not given me my money back?" "Oh, yes," my brother said, "I have." "Don't you remember that a boy came in here six months ago and wanted to borrow five dollars to go into the newspaper business?"

"I have got along nice," he replied. "I have got along nice. I have got a nice home for my mother who is sick yet, and I am as well clothed as you are, and there's your five dollars." "Oh, was he not worth saving? Why, that was worth fifty such boys as I have sometimes seen moving in elegant circles, never put to any use for God or man. Worth saving? I go further than that, and tell you that that boy was worth saving. He was worth saving because of these lads picked up from our streets and sent West by a benevolent society wrote East, saying: 'I am getting long first rate. I am on probation in the Methodist Church. I shall be entered as a member the first of next month. I have

[illegible]

Their Wonderful Regard for Each Other's Welfare and Safety.

The Bible has made ants famous for industry and for self-interest, and modern naturalists find few animals more worthy of study. These insects are not only surprisingly intelligent, but manifest a lively regard for each other's welfare, as the following incident well illustrates. It is taken from Mr. Belt's "Naturalists in Nicaragua."

One day while watching a small flock of these foraging ants I placed a little stone on one of them to secure it. The next ant approached, as soon as it discovered the situation, ran back in an agitated manner to communicate the intelligence to the others. They rushed to the rescue. Some lifted the stone, and tried to move it; others seized the prisoner by the legs and dragged with such force that I thought its legs would be pulled off, but they persisted till they got the captive free. I next covered one up with a piece of clay.

But only a few minutes had elapsed, when I suddenly perceived that the men were soon discovered in the snow, which set to work immediately, and by biting off pieces of the clay soon created it. Another time I found a very small hole in the clay, and the men immediately filled one of these under a piece of ice, at a little distance from the line, with lead projecting. Several ants passed over the line, and I was about to pull it out, but could not. It immediately set off at a great rate, and I thought had deserted its comrades, but it had not. It was a very short time before a party about a dozen ants came hurrying, evidently fully informed of the circumstances of the case, for they made direct for the hole, and in a few minutes set him free. The excitement and ardor with which they carried on their underground work, could not have been greater.

efined Selfishness Which Must Not Be  
Mistaken for True Politeness.  
The inhabitants of certain of our Eastern

to explain that much of the capital of the country is sent away to build up foreign cities and to buy foreign goods. A little is spent at home for domestic improvement. There are many men and women who are very good and kind people. What they most need is domestic improvement, development at home in the things that they can do best. They save all their smiles and kind words for the store or for the companies that come to the street, and also to lavish them on those that have come to see the wife and children when they get home at night. They are very generous and kind to those who come to see them, but they do not give to those who come to claim upon them except those of whom they are sure. They are very close in their acquaintances, and are very careful of their money. They are very kind to their brothers, to whom their hearts are open. After all, theirs is no true difference or generosity, but only a reluctance to give to those who are not a wife upon a customer and withhold from a wife only a bid for trade. The kind people are not the old, but the young, not the old father, is only a bid for popularity. There is no more generosity than there is in the old man, but the old man, but, somehow or other, such a man does not lose to deceive even this superficial world of ours. It is soon found out, and the man who is not the man, the grain of the wood.—*Olden Lee*.

Difficult moments come to us when we are unable to work, or even to patiently think and wait, and when it seems as though our energies were all lost. But they pass away again, and they do it quickly if we determine they shall, and do our work in spite of them.—*United Presbyterian.*

When a man is impressive and influential for good simply by his presence, he has attained the best attainment of which one is capable.—*United Presbyterian.*

Take away love, and not physical nature itself, but the heart of the moral world, would be paralyzed.—*Seneca.*

—Louis Jennings lives in style near London; has a superb library and a collection of rare etchings which excites the envy of expert collectors.

—Queen Marguerita, of Italy, took to the reporters who were puzzling over the toilets at a recent court ball at Rome, and dictated to them a description of the handsomest dresses, she wound up with the injunction not to forget her necklace of pearls, saying, "for these are the things that especially interest your lady readers."

—Wilson Waddingham, of New Haven, Conn., recently purchased the Antonio Ortiz grant of 163,000 acres of land situated in San Miguel County, N. M. Mr. Waddingham is said to be the largest landed proprietor in the world. He owns in fee about 1,500,000 acres, about 500,000 acres more than claimed by the Duke of Westminster.

—John Roach possessed genuine sh wit. When he came to this country he was only fifteen years old. Some time after his arrival he met one of his father's most intimate friends, who asked him how he was getting along. "Getting along fuine," said "Shure, when I kem to this country I hadn't a rag to me back, un' now I covered all over wid them."

—Mr. Alfred Sully, who has recently

quired such sudden prominence in the railroad world, wrote a volume of poems in his youth. A correspondent wrote the fact to his paper, with this startling result: "Mr. Sully is a widower who sometimes flirts with the nurse." The types brought it out in this way: "Mr. Sully is a widower who sometimes flirts with the nurse."

—Mrs. Blanche Hazard, the widow Samuel Hazard, author of "Peñures of Cuba," is making a living herself and two boys by her art in painting on china. She recently completed a whole dinner set for the wife of one of the foreign ministers, and she now has a half-a-dozen orders from Washington for sets of plates. Her home is in Germantown, Pa. —*Chicago*

The Mercantile Library in New York City is practically owned and entirely managed by clerks. In order to vote or hold office a member must be a clerk or working on a salary in the mercantile office. The library contains 217,000 volumes, making it the fifth largest in the country. First comes the Congressional at Washington, second the Boston Public Library, third the Harvard University, and fourth the Astor.—*Chicago Times*.

—A Warning.—  
Fruit many a man, both young and old,  
Is sent to his sarcophagus,  
By pouring water icy cold

—Magistrate—"A little difficulty between ladies, eh? Has the complainant taken an oath?" Plaintiff's Lawyer—"Not yet." Magistrate—"What is your age, madam?" The Complainant—"Nineteen." Magistrate—"You will swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"An old lady, whose ideas of electric current are a trifle vague, acted as a telegraph-pole climber, as he took his spurs into the wood. Sister, are you goin' up?" "Yes." "Well, if there's a telegraph message from my son Johnny up there, just p it down, will ye? I'm expectin' it."

—Tommy — "Does your mother allow you to kiss the nurse girl?" John — "I guess she don't care. Does she?" Tommy — "I don't think she does. I never asked her, but you'd better to hear her lay down the law to when she saw him do it one day, an' let him do lots o' things she wouldn't let me do." *Bittschwegh, Bittschwegh.*

"I hear that Smith is contesting wife's will," said one Dakota man another day or two ago. "I don't know how that may be," replied the other, "but I am quite sure of one thing." "What's that?" "Smith never contested his wife's will while she was alive. He seems to be getting cour-

—Janey, attuning to the delightful emotion of an evening's "hair-brush" with her grownup young aunts in their visitor, grew expansive in relaxing spirit of the hour, and in benevolent burst of confidence intimated the intelligence that "my nannypots chalk on her face, too!" then, when prudent, added, "well, just to p her face warm, you know, when cold." — *Harper's Bazar*.

A lady had in her employ an excellent girl, who had one fault—her face was always grumpy. Mrs. X, wishing to tell her to wash her face without offending her, at last resorted to stratagem. "Do you know, Bridget," she remarked, in a confidential manner, "that if you wash your face every day with hot soap and water it will make you beautiful?" "Will it?" answered the girl. "Sure, it's a wonder I never tried it ma'am."—*N. Y. Times.*





